

## The Weakest and the Strongest Men in Greater New York.



**PETERS, THE LIVING SKELETON.**  
He cannot move, and lives in a bed, tied up to prevent his bones from cracking. His arm is shrivelled to a mere bit of fleshless membrane.

THE strongest man in all of the Greater New York is Max Unger, an eighteen-year-old Samson, who is exhibiting his prowess every night at an uptown music hall. He is a marvel.

The weakest man in all of the Greater New York lies strapped in the bed which he has not left for twenty-one years, at the home of his step-mother, No. 521 Liberty street, Union Hill, N. J., just back of Weehawken. This man is more of a marvel than he of the muscles of steel and the strength of a giant.

One of these men can put up a 250-pound dumbbell. The other cannot raise his arm without breaking a bone.

Peter Peters is the weakest man alive. His bones have long since turned to chalk and a child could fracture the largest in his attenuated frame. There is no record of the number of fractures which Peter Peters has sustained. He is kept tied in bed and could he fall out of bed his bones would break into pieces, just as if he were a badly baked clay figure. In an attempt to extract a tooth the better part of the lower jawbone on that side came away with the forceps.

Ten years ago Peters, while alone, endeavored to raise a glass filled with water. The attempt broke three of his fingers. Three months ago, in tossing about in bed, he chipped a piece out of the left side of his head as large as a silver dollar. This piece is now kept covered with a piece of felt.

Peters does not weigh to-day over seventy pounds. In a normal life he would have weighed 170 pounds.

When he was fourteen years of age, while playing on the streets of Guttenberg, he fell and broke a leg. Up to this time he was a vigorous and athletic youth. The injured bone was set, but it refused to knit. When the plaster of paris in which the limb was encased was removed the limb was found to be shrivelled.

It was then that the disease called osteomalacia set in. Gradually all the animal substance of his bones became calcined, or chalky, and his frame was brittle. A fracture does not heal. It is snugly replaced and held in shape by splints or a strap.

This poor fellow in twenty-one years has suffered a hundred deaths, but through it all he has preserved his mentality. This has, however, shown decided signs of weakening during the past fortnight. Peters, who has always been a philosophical man, with whom he talked in German or English, has been of a philosophical mind, which he has sustained by deep religious feeling.

"Peter Peters is the weakest man alive. His bones have long since turned to chalk, and a child could fracture the largest in his attenuated frame. He is kept tied in bed and held together practically by wide straps."

## A SHIP HIS MONUMENT.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Unique Memorial in San Francisco.

IN distant San Francisco, the city of the western shore, is to be erected the first monument to Robert Louis Stevenson.

When the dread disease which finally took him off began its serious inroads upon his already weak constitution, Stevenson was in San Francisco, living his eccentric but always lovable life. He has hosts of friends there now. In the yacht Sappho he sailed out of the mountain-bordered bay and turned his face westward to that island home which knew him to his death.

The departure from San Francisco, the roaming through coral islands, the purposeless drift into Samoa, and the subsequent habitation there are romance themselves. Out of them came the "Wreckers" and some of the best verse the novelist wrote.

It is a fitting thing then that this first monument to him should be set up in San Francisco. It is fitting, too, that the monument should take the form of a sailing ship with her prow pointed to the silent lands that lie down under the western Pacific. It is also fitting that the ship should sail its endless journey in the old Plaza of San Francisco, the green square around which in the days of old the great tragedies, the glowing life, the picturesque color of old San Francisco had their being. The Plaza reeks with food drawn in violence, is vocal with the shouts of angry mobs, with the twanging of Spanish guitars, with gambler curses, with political feud and personal scheme. Stevenson's memory will find a good setting with all those others, other great men were part and parcel of the Plaza life and days.

The designers of the monument, two San Francisco architects, Willis Pitt and Bruce Porter. George Pipers is the sculptor. The ship is to be called the *Don Ventura*. Its design will be that of a thirty-gunner of the sixteenth century going under a fair wind, with all sail on. At the bow looking straight away to the sunset is a figure of Pallas. The vessel will be five feet in height.

The base upon which it will rest is to be a simply granite plinth. On its surface will be inscribed this passage from the "Christmas Sermon":

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation."

When Stevenson was a stroller about the streets of San Francisco he used to comment on the lack of drinking places for the wandering dogs, which then and now are

## 50 WOMEN'S HAIR IN HIS LARIAT.



**LONG WOLF, THE BLACKFOOT INDIAN WHO HAS SCALPED HALF A HUNDRED WOMEN.**

For years he has collected the hair of the fair victims of his savagery, and now has woven it into a lariat. It consists of all tints and textures, and its variegated strands tell the story of many an Indian massacre.

numberless in the Western town. His intense love of animals prompted the comment. Miffed of that, the designers have placed on another surface of the plinth spigot and up, and below that a drip stone for thirst dogs. The other surfaces will be perfectly plain.

The designers have themselves raised by subscription the expenses of the monument. The money has come from many lands. St. Henry Irving, Andrew Lang and Louise Imogene Guiney are among the conspicuous contributors. Much of the money was obtained in San Francisco itself. It has already been subscribed to defray nearly the entire expense.

## LARIAT THAT IS DRENCHED IN WOMAN'S BLOOD.

A lariat made of the hair of scalped white women. Such is the horrible trophy owned by Long Wolf, an old Indian on the Upper Columbia River in Oregon, and it is vouched for by a special travelling correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner.

Long Wolf is a renegade Blackfoot. He is old and wrinkled, but his small black eyes snap and flash like shining beads through the yellow parchment of his leathery face. Old as he is, Long Wolf is as active as a man half his age.

And always at the pommel of his saddle is tied this long, strong rinta, made of the hair of dead women.

Long Wolf will tell you the history of the lariat. "Heap good Indian, now," he will say, striking his chest proudly. The he will smile cunningly, and running the long rope through his hands, will send closely every yard of it, as though busied with memories of the past.

The scalp of white women was his hobby; although his lodge pole flamed the locks of many men killed in open battle. He belonged to those marauding bands which were the terror of old-time emigrant trains.

It must have taken the hair of fifty women to make that rope. It is smooth and pliable, and strong enough to hold a plunging buffalo.

Run your eye down the length of it and notice the different textures of the thing. Some of it is soft and delicate to the touch. Other portions are rough and wiry. Here is a long blond strand that flashes golden in the sunlight. A young maid, perhaps, ruthlessly slaughtered by this old ruffian.

It is said that Long Wolf can remember incidents connected with a great many yards of this grim relic. All he will say, however, is "Heap strong. No sell."

## One Cannot Raise His Arm---The Other Is a Boy Hercules.

"Max Unger, the boy Samson, raises dumbbells weighing 228 pounds. If poor Peters would try to raise his empty hand, the bones of the arm would break of their own weight. Unger could grasp Peters in his hands and crush his bones to powder."



**UNGER, THE YOUNG GIANT.**

He is but eighteen, and weighs 170 pounds. His arm has enormous development and it is strong enough to raise a man off the floor with a 150-pound weight in his other hand.

## HOBO JACK, TRAMP SAILOR.

Odd Specimen Who Lives Alone on a House Boat.

SAYBROOK, Conn., July 3.—"Hobo Jack," the tramp sailor of the Sound, whose queer house boat has attracted so much attention along this coast, has started in his strange craft for a trip up the Massachusetts coast.

"Hobo Jack" is a good deal of a philosopher and an interesting talker. "Do I find this method of life dangerous?" he said to a Journal reporter. "Why, to be sure it has its perils, but these are found on land as well as on sea, and I don't know that the life I am leading is any more dangerous than that of thousands of other tramps who go from place to place, with no place they can call home."

"Now, contrast the life these fellows lead with mine. First of all, I possess a home. That home is my boat. It is an old-timer, but it is staunch and stands the thumping of the waves. I have no fare to pay if I want to pass from one town to the next. I don't have to sneak aboard a freight train and risk my neck. If I want to visit the Long Island shore or other parts of the coast, I just hoist sail and the winds of heaven fill the canvas, old and moth eaten though it is, and I sail away as free as a bird."

"Around the shore coasts I can steer with my paddle and float at will. If a storm comes I can pull the old boat up into some quiet cove and ride out the tempest; or if the waves get too boisterous I can drag the old craft up on the beach and let old ocean roar."

"The land tramp goes begging from door to door in search of a doubtful living. I take my old clam hoe and visit the beach at low tide and nature has buried for me a banquet in the sands free for the digging."

"The claims I dig I can cook and eat, or I can use part of them for bait. This old eel pot and this lobster pot have found me many a square meal, and when I have

more than I need, I can sell them in town. "For fuel I use the driftwood upon the beach, which is all ready for the touch of the match. My clothes are pretty old, but what of that? A fellow doesn't need only enough to keep his body warm, and it doesn't matter how bad they look so long as they answer the purpose."

"How did I become a sea tramp? Now, that's another story. I'll say this, however, I was born the son of a Baptist minister down East, and was given a good education and fitted for college, but certain things happened in my life that changed my whole career. What those were is no one's business but my own."

"I have been a rover. I have crossed the ocean and have been to China and Japan and the West Indies and other foreign ports on sailing vessels, and have seen a good deal of life. I have finally fitted up this old boat, and it answers my purposes well, and I propose now to follow the sea in it as I have for the past three years. When I can afford a better boat I shall have it. I ask no odds of humanity at large, and simply want to be let alone. I find my present life self-supporting and it suits me."



"Hobo Jack the tramp sailor of Long Island Sound."



The Tramp Sailor's Queer Houseboat on Long Island Sound.—(FROM A SKETCH).



'Frisco's Memorial to Stevenson and His Grave at Samoa.—(FROM PHOTOS).